

Wichita Daily Eagle

RECRUIT AND CORPORAL

BY GEORGE L. PUTNAM.

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BETWEEN Corporal Bond and Private Myers the relations were strained. This was an unfortunate condition. On the face of it, it seemed that the corporal had taken an instinctive dislike to the new man; for Myers was a recruit, and had not time to create either pronounced friendships or antagonisms. But Corporal Bond, who was a soldier from love of it, and whose chief pride was in the daring efficiency of the old regiment, did not reckon from instinct alone. He observed that Private Myers accepted the petty annoyances attendant upon joining with a meekness that was not becoming. He had even shown no disposition to fight when he found his blanket knotted rope-wise. This, Corporal Bond argued, could be true of only a mean-spirited creature. He was sorry such a recruit had gotten into the regiment, but being there he must be educated up to the regiment's standard.

One stinging mid-winter day the guard detail from the line included both Corporal Bond and Private Myers. The first sergeant, being busy with the monthly returns, was excused from marching on the detail at guard mounting, and that duty fell to Corporal Bond. After performing this slight function, he would take his place in the line of file closers and become himself a member of the guard. He was careful to inform himself of the position of the detail in line, and then indicated to Private Myers his particular place.

To the superficial eye of the adjutant, shivering in front of the line and devoutly wishing the ceremony was over, the disposition of the detail seemed to have been made with due regard for symmetry in "sizing up." But when the guard had been marched to its post and had been told off into reliefs it was found that Private Myers had post No. 3 of the second relief. The other soldiers chuckling at their own escape, grinned anticipatively at the idea of mid-managed Myers suffering on that exposed beat. They were denied the satisfaction of knowing if Myers understood the situation, for he said nothing, did nothing that could be construed into an admission.

When the hour came for posting the second relief for its first tour of night duty, Corporal Bond assumed command of Private Myers, and relieved the old sentinel on No. 3.

"You know the limits of your post at night," said he. "From the corner of the ordnance storehouse around to the lower end of the corral, along the bank of the cut. It's a nasty place, and you'll have to keep your eyes open. Myers. A man that's no more of a scrapper than you are could be killed twenty times over as he stands the cut; a belt over your head, a knife under your chin, and then you go tumbling down into the waterway. There's plenty would do it, too, for the sake of the stealing they could get on your post. I'm telling you this for your own good."

"There's the wood-yard. Those sticks would make handy weapons for a man creeping up behind you. Cord-wood costs money, too, out here. Government can afford it, but folks can't. If they get any at all, they steal it, and they don't object to a little thing like that. They are always hanging around, picking off billets here and there. It's a piece of your business to be right to stop that—to catch 'em or kill 'em—and they know it well as you do. They'll be keeping a sharp watch out for you in the dark corners."

"Got a cartridge in your piece? You are likely to need one. This isn't any play-soldiering, Myers; this post isn't any snap. You're earning your pay this night. It's a long dark beat, and a good step from any support. I'm most sorry it fell to you, for you ain't the man I'd choose for such a ticklish job. But don't get scared. All I say is, keep your eyes peeled, or it'll be a dead sentinel I take off here in two hours."

Private Myers shivered in his overcoat and wished himself far away. His sense of isolation became oppressive; the darkness harbored unknown dangers; things were lurking about; uneasy objects were ready to show themselves.

For Private Myers was a very new soldier, and could not bear a soldier's honors easily. In every way he was untried and unformed. A good, square, honest fellow, but with no force of character and little worldly experience, he had enlisted because that way lay an easy manner of life. His nature had nothing in common with soldiering, but as yet he did not know it. He was out of his element; but he did not know what his element was. Some day he might discover this, and thereafter do that to which his hand most naturally might turn. But now

he was no more than a man in embryo, the butt of all the weaves in barracks, accepting these rather hard conditions with humility because he did not know what else to do. His life was hard, but a redeeming feature was that he himself did not know how hard it really was.

With a sudden accession of courage he marched to the head of his beat. As he went, something white fluttered into sight between him and the moon, and then wavered into the black depths of the cut. Again his courage forsook him, and he threw forward his rifle ready to fire; but the whiteness was lost, and he was unharmed. He threw open the chamber of his gun with a bold movement and took out the cartridge.

He knew a shot would bring the men from the guard-house, and he did not want to turn them out for a trifle. He would cut a very poor figure before them under such circumstances. Some what nearer than the guard-house was the cottage in which Corporal Bond lived. Women-folks were there, and they would be frightened by the discharge. It was better to take an additional risk of danger than to be the joke of the garrison for a week over a false alarm.

He approached the hay-yard. The wind was rising, and was like an oppression against his face. It waited yet more and more dimly. He stopped to listen, not at all certain it was the wind, and that only, that he heard. There was a quality in it such as he had never heard before. It was short-lived and intermittent, and not at all like sounds usually produced by the lungs of night. He walked quickly among the bales of hay, and nearly fell over the origin of the strange sound. He picked it up and looked at it in the dim moonlight.



"SAY, KID, WHO ARE YOU?"

"All like sounds usually produced by the lungs of night. He walked quickly among the bales of hay, and nearly fell over the origin of the strange sound. He picked it up and looked at it in the dim moonlight."

"White, eh? How the deuce did the child get here?" he demanded of himself. "Say, kid, who are you?"

But the child was crying too steadily to admit of its doing anything else. It had probably been asleep, and now, barely awake, was frightened by unaccounted surroundings. It was cold, too. Myers could not get a rational reply. The child simply clung to him, and cried with a loud voice. To Myers' mind it drowned all other sounds, and he wondered that the guard did not come down and see what had occurred on post No. 3.

Private Myers was not enough of a soldier to alarm the guard. He was too much of a soldier to leave his post and run with the child to the cottage of Corporal Bond, but a few rods away. What he did was to strip off his overcoat, wrap the child in, and talk in a roughly comforting way. Presently he made a hollow space among the bales, sheltered from the wind, and warm. In it he put the quiet child, pulling another bale over the nest; and the child went to sleep, like the vigorous, healthy little animal that it was.

The officer of the guard came stumbling sleepily about on a tour of inspection. "All right on your post?" he demanded.

"All right, sir."

"Very foolish of you not to wear an overcoat. You're likely to get pneumonia," said the officer.

The sentinel made no reply. The remark had been unofficial, and did not require any.

At the end of two weary hours, Corporal Bond came down to relieve the sentinel. He had been warm and comfortable in the guardhouse, and was possibly in a little worse humor at having to turn out on so trifling a duty.

"Still alive, eh?" said he. "Well, I didn't expect it. I see they took your overcoat, though."

"No, they didn't. I've got it down here," said Myers. He went to the place, and picked it up tenderly.

"The more fool you for not wearing it," growled the corporal. "Why, what have you got in it?"

"Just a kid I found down here crying," Corporal Bond looked at the sleeping child and gave a little start as of surprise. "Well, I swear!" said he. But he didn't.

They marched together without another word from the lower end of the beat and passed the corporal's set of quarters. Suddenly the corporal stopped.

"I'll take the kid," said he. And then he held out a hand in a friendly way. "My night's work," he centered. Myers was carrying the child close to his breast with a warm feeling of tender possession. He did not fancy letting the corporal take the helpless charge from him and spoke with unusual resentment.

"I'll keep the kid for to-night," said he, sturdily. "I found it, and I'll take care of it—till somebody claims it. And I don't know any reason why we should shake hands. We haven't had any occasion to, so far."

"Well," said the corporal, "I thought I'd like to because I seem to have made a mistake in sizing you up. I'm willing to admit my fault. But it's just as you say."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said Myers. "Well, here's my hand. Shake and shake hearty. And, by the way, the kid here; you've got women-folk, and they can take care of it better than I can. Just for to-night. You know where to go to."

"Yes," said Corporal Bond. "It's mine."

As to That Historic Egg. Teacher—What can you say of that famous egg of Columbus?

Pupil (after mentally examining the subject from all points of view)—It must be awfully tired by this time.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ubiquity of the Creditor. Swizzle—It's strange I meet Jones so rarely. How do you suppose I can arrange to see him oftener?

Bronson—Borrow \$5 of him and you'll meet him every day.—Chicago Record.

JOHNSON'S MAGNETIC OIL!
Instant Killer of Pain.
Internal and External.
Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, STIFF JOINTS, COLIC, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CRAMP, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, HEADACHE, as if by magic.

THE HORSE BRAND, Sock, Double Strength, the most powerful, penetrates the pores of the skin or least in existence. Large size 75c, 50c, 25c, 10c.

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Medicated and Toilet. The Great Skin Cure and Face Beautifier. Ladies will find it the most delicate and highly perfumed Toilet Soap on the market. It cleanses the skin and makes the skin soft and velvety and restores the lost complexion; it is a luxury for the Bath for infants. It always foams, cleanses the scalp and promotes the growth of hair. Price 25c. For sale by

Fred L. Richt Wholesale and Retail Agent, 126 N. Main St. Wichita.

An Unwelcome Exclusive.
Editor's Wife (from second-story window)—You don't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this.

Editor (appealingly)—But, my dear, I was unnecessarily detained at the office. You see we had late news of a tremendous big lookout, and—
Wife—All right, you've got news of another now (flaming down the window).—Boston Globe.

Evidently Insane.
"Yes, she is a brainy woman, but eccentric. In fact, I think she is a little off, a little touched, as it were."

"Indeed? That's too bad. But what reason have you for thinking that she is not all there?"

"Well, the last house she moved into just suited her, and she told her husband that there was more closet room than she needed."—N. Y. Press.

Fished for a Compliment and Got It.
Alice (looking at her portrait)—Don't you think that Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?

Edith—Yes, he really has—what a remarkably clever artist he is!—Judge.

The Woman's Christian Temperance union, of New York city, has made arrangements for supplying the firemen with refreshments while in active service. The women have a coffee wagon stationed in Union square, and if the park commissioners allow it to remain there day and night, Chief Bonner may send for it when it is needed. The refreshments in summer will be lemonade, iced tea and milk; and in winter Frankfurter sausages, sandwiches, pie and hot coffee.

Tut's Tiny Pills
A single dose produces beneficial results, giving clearness of mind and buoyancy of body to which you were before a stranger. They enjoy a popularity unparalleled. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

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The Great Kidney and Bladder Cure.
It cures all cases of Catarrh, Stricture, Gonorrhea, etc., and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

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It cures all cases of Catarrh, Stricture, Gonorrhea, etc., and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

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We were the first manufacturers on this continent. Our latest improvement surpasses anything ever before produced. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Stricture, Gonorrhea, etc., and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

SEABURY'S SULPHUR CANDLES
Prevention is better than cure, by burning these candles in the room, and the contagion is kept away; also useful for expelling mosquitoes and irritating odors. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

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Removes all skin blemishes, pimples, freckles, etc., and restores the skin to its normal condition. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

INDAPO
MADE A WELL MAN OF ME.
It cures all cases of Catarrh, Stricture, Gonorrhea, etc., and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

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Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

TOLER - STOCK - FARM.

SEASON 1893.
Ashland Wilkes, 217th; John Steiner, 25.00 Season; Maurice Levy, 25.00 Season.

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.
Address: H. G. TOLER, North Wichita Kansas.

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Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocery fixtures, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

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Successors to
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Manufacturers of and Jobbers in
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Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store
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Paints, Oils and Glass.
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NEW FOREST SUPERSTITIONS.

Secluded Community Which Believes in All the Old Goblins and Charms.
Hares' brains are supposed still to be a useful tonic for children that have come into the world before their time, says the Cornhill Magazine. Children afflicted with fits are still placed through cloven openings in ash trees. A certain lichen again is used in a lotion for strengthening weak eyes; while the fat of the hedgehog is used to lubricate stiff joints. Bread baked on Good Friday, the forest people believe, will keep good for seven years, and it will also cure certain complaints.

The seventh son of a seventh son is supposed to be endowed with wonderful gifts in performing cures. This last idea is peculiar to the New Foresters; in the midland counties it has a strong hold on the country folks.

About the stoppage of blood flowing from wounds or ruptured blood-vessels especially, there are some very peculiar beliefs in some parts, one being that the secret can only be transmitted by a man to a woman, and again by a woman to a man. There is an amusing proverb in use here about upstarts: "A dog is made fat in two meals." A curious idea is prevalent in the forest about the death-head moth; they believe firmly that this insect was never seen until after the execution of Charles the First. There is scarcely a village or hamlet in the New Forest but has its pixie field, or mead, or its pixie's cave. That mischievous spirit, which is known under the name of "Laurence," still obtains possession of those whom "the gods wish to ruin."

Laurence has got on him," they say, and he is a very mischievous spirit. The forest folk believe to this day, tempts their rough native ponies to stray. Also, they say he lives in bogs, into which he entices the unwary. "Gilt pixies" such as he are termed; the firstborn may consider themselves to be free from his spell. The caterpillar is known, as in the days of the first translation of the Bible into English, as the "palmerworm." A wood-lark talks of feeling leaf-like when he is hungry, using a corruption of the word "laureus," old English for emptiness, which reminds one of the German "leer."

But one might fill pages with examples showing how much nature, in "humans" as well as in wild life, has been allowed to remain as she was so many generations ago. There is a potent charm about this old-world state of things which seizes one, and seems for a time to fill one who enters the forest precincts with a sense of rest that is soothing to both heart and brain.

THE BLACK BEETLE.

Hedgehogs Will Sometimes Eat Them—The odious "black beetle," which is, properly speaking, not a beetle at all, is like a number of other insect pests, not indigenous to England, though it is now a "resident alien." The only use which we ever heard of for black beetles was to feed the first birds of Paradise brought to England by ship from the Malay archipelago. No four-footed creature that we know will eat them except the hedgehog, and even which are said to be poisoned by them. This is hardly strange, for everything which they touch is contaminated by their repulsive odor. Even hedgehogs are a failure, though tradition makes them thrive on cockroaches, says the Spectator.

An early ambition of the present writer was to live in a house stocked with black beetles in order to keep a hedgehog. At last this came about. The new house swarmed with the insects, and we had the luck to find a hedgehog in a cupboard and brought it home. It would not uncoil in the kitchen, so we put it in a dark cupboard, where there were enough of the creatures to "feed right a great hog," as the cook, who was disappointed in the animal's size, remarked, disparagingly. But the hedgehog never uncoiled. We looked at him night and day and found beetles running over him and speculating where they would begin to eat him. At last we carried him to the lawn, where he did move and walked into the tennis net and had to be cut out to the great destruction of the meshes. Black-beetle killing is a limited but respectable calling in London, and a leading member of the craft sends his card round at intervals to owners of the large mansions in London, to intimate that in his opinion the time has come when his services ought to be required in the house which he has attended during many changes of ownership or occupation. One habit of the beetle, if the observers are correct, itself tends to their destruction. The eggs are carried under the body of the female, and not dropped at haphazard. So that if the creatures are once exterminated, their quarters can only be repopulated by immigrants. On the other hand, it is asserted that the cockroach "grubs" its eggs in cases to the walls. Which of the statements is true the writer has not yet been able to discover.

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Complete Stock in all the Departments.
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324 NORTH MAIN STREET.
Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron, and Copper Cornice; Tin, Copper, Iron, and Slate Roofing Work done in any part of the country. Estimate furnished on application.
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WICHITA CREAMERY CO.
Wholesale Dealers in Butter and Eggs
212-214 South Topeka Avenue.
Refer by permission to Kansas National Bank.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.

Wholesale Grocers
203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market

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PORK AND BEEF PACKERS.
FINE MEATS, LARDS AND SAUSAGES.
A Lard for Everybody: White Clover Brand our Specialty; the finest Lard in the country. Choice Family Lard, the Most Popular brand on the market. The Best Grocers can furnish either. If you want the best call for White Clover, and insist on getting it. In original Lithographed Cans you are sure of getting it. Put up for Family use in 3, 5, 10 and 20 pound Lardered Tin Pails, with Lithograph label.

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PICTURESQUE PEASANTS.

Places in Europe Where the Rustics Retain Their Unique Costumes.
In the Italian cities, says the London Telegraph, there is little that is distinctive to be found in the dress of the women of the industrial orders, while in Rome the picturesque attire of women who have been banished by the police from the steps of the Trinita dei Monti, but who still, with their ragged and quaintly dressed little children, sit about the Piazza di Spagna and the Via Condotti, are in a great many instances professional mendicants who pretend to be artists' models. When the begging season is at an end—that is to say, when the tourists have left the Eternal city—the picturesque clad women, with the white "fazzoletti," on their heads, retire to their villages to live for awhile in comfort upon the profits of their Roman solicitations of alms, and there, perhaps, they may continue to assume their traditional costumes. Pretty dresses may also be seen with frequency in southern Italy, particularly in the villages around the Bay of Naples, in Calabria and in Sicily. The south of Spain is again a happy hunting ground for picturesque peasant dresses. The gypsies, too, who swarm both at Seville and at Granada, are sufficiently picturesque, although in the way of cleanliness and completeness of garments they leave a good deal to be desired. It is perhaps in Switzerland, the Tyrol, in South Germany, in Austria, in Hungary, in Norway and throughout southeastern Europe that picturesque clad peasant women are most abundantly in evidence, and the Americans will probably be intensely interested in the varied and really eye-gladdening gear assumed by female Hungarians, Styrians, Wallachians and Dalmatians, comprising, as the costumes do, lances, caps, furred pelisses, braided jackets, baggy trousers, plaited pigtail and other eccentricities of a feminine garb quite unknown, we should say, in the happy land of Columbia. It is as well that the Hungarian contingent are to bring a band of musicians with them, as Chicago may be confidently reckoned upon to go into ecstasies of delight over the spectacle of Magyar maidens dancing a national reel in Wellington boots. Our kinsmen must be satisfied by this time with pink tights, and a ladies' polka in Wellingtons might prove an exhilarating change.

An Outrageous Verdict.

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in awhile a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Judge," said he, "weren't we to judge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response. "But I told you not to judge the law unless you were better satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, judge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his gird, "we considered that point."

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With a glass of water immediately upon arising in the morning.

Painful, Effortless. Combined with a laxative, without causing any harm. A Glass of Water—Price only 25 cents.

Small druggists or a letter will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to the Editor of the Beecham's Pills Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, ENGLAND.

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